

MANLY DECKLESS RIVERS MADE

Dangers of Logging Season
Are Numerous

YEARS CROP DECREASED
How Business Is Carried on in
North

The logging season has begun, and the big drives are on their way down the rivers of the North Woods. Every spring millions of feet of unsawed lumber are sent down these waterways to the waiting mills, where they are turned into pulp or lumber. Less will be floated down this year than ever before, for the steady drain of years has exhausted many sections of the woods, and the increasing preservation of the forest lands has shut out the lumbermen from hundreds of square miles of the choicest sections. As a result, many mills will shut down this year and next, and in time the big run of hundreds of thousands of logs down the spring freshets will be a thing of tradition and the past. Some of the sections along the southwest side of the Adirondacks, drained by the Moose and Black rivers, are now devoid of paying timber, and the mill owners are already searching for new sections.

There are still logs to float, however, and now is the season of the year when the chopping gangs which have been at work deep in the forest all winter long come out for a few days of rest and recreation before the drive begins. There is nothing more animated than a lumbering village on the eve of a big drive. The streams are crowded with men clad in the uniform of the woods, jumpers and trousers tucked into boots, who haunt the saloons by day and the dance halls by night, working off the enthusiasm built up during the weeks of steady work in the forest. All have the curling of months with them, and these are distinguished with great impartiality among the dozen saloons which are a flourishing feature of any place, no matter how small, where the men of the woods congregated. Fights are of hourly occurrence, and luck is the foremost who, when the work comes down the river, can collect the whole gang under a double round of the drinking glass.

Apart from the human element, the scene is picturesque. Empty and silent, marked by the long slender lines of the homes which separate the water of one mill from that of another, the wide pond stretches away from the village across to the mills. There have about down now for want of food for their giant maws, and the result of the winter's sawing is seen in the great golden piles of lumber, slowly bleaching in the sun, awaiting the opening of the canal, when the boats will carry them down to the cities and the seaboard. The lives of these men, who burn all winter, day and night, devouring fuel that would have warmed a city, are quite out in a smolder of smoke. Everything is expert of the drive and the resultant sawing of the mills.

In the meantime men have been sent up to the dam above the logs to watch the rise of water and report when everything is ready. The dam was built weeks before, and for days the water has been hoisted up so that when the drive is ready and the sluice gates are opened the meager stream may be turned into a torrent, down which the logs will rush to the waiting mills.

One night word comes down that the water is overflowing, and the gates are opened, and the next morning the village is a sea of water, and in the gray light the wagons loaded down with men, camp hooks, pick-axes, saws, and ax set out for the head of the drive. It is cold and silent at first, but before the wagons have cleared the first little the sun comes over the hills, and a steady flood of light across the silent land, falling on the yellow hoofs of lumber beyond and glancing across the low village roofs.

Outside the village the history of the lumbering trade can be read almost at a glance. The small town, with its half dozen mills, has often like a new town into the forest land. Directly within the village the land is barren, with hills of sand, grass-tipped, where once there was a wilderness of woods. This is the cleared land, where trees, branch and root have not been spared. Further back the wild growth begins, low and stunted, thick ferns at first, interspersed with sumach, dwarf poplar and cedar, and here and there an old pine, a relic of the last century, stands as a sentinel, and beyond them a tall forest of dark pines and the sky is the evergreen forest.

The morning sun adds to the spring in the air. In the top of a tall elm a blackbird is shaking the winter out of his voice. His efforts seem to be in a dismal way, but he is not discouraged, and he is as it were until the wagons are almost when, with a startled protest at the interruption, he flies away to take up his position in some remote part of the woods. There is a faint odor of the awakening life of the woods on the soft air. Up from the hills, sun-armed, come a soft, pungent, later violets. Horses and men feel the influence, and as the game breast a hill the rivers leap and bark like boys up the hillside.

Presently on the mountain falls a strange odor—alien, pungent, sharp—like blood. It is blood of giant plants, for the wagons are approaching the battlefields of the winter. The woods are now a scene of confusion. The fallen log is being hoisted along the river side and the bed of the stream is full to the banks with the great sticks. All through the winter the teams brought the timber down to the water side, and now it is ready for the run down the river. Men are at work already at the dam, and as such as the saws take their places the gates are opened. With a roar the first water dashes out, surging to the big piles, knocking them for a moment in the flood of foam, and sinks away beneath the logs, another and another wave follows, each higher than the one before, and then the logs begin to stir slightly, wakening from their frosty bonds, and with the increase of the volume of water the big sticks lift from the rocks, settle back, lift again, and begin to move. From the downstream end of the main single logs detach themselves and shoot down in the rush of waters. More and more follow, until the whole mass is in motion; there are two rivers, a river of water and a river of logs, down the steep bank over rough ground, leaping, tossing, with a thunder

of sound; in the smooth, swift reaches they move silently, one following another in long lines. The men have been divided into gangs. Some stay at the head of the run, and the other heavy cant hooks the logs down from the dam to the river at the river camps. Others go along the shore, reaching out with their long poles and steering the logs straight. The most expert ride the logs themselves. Rough herders of rough flocks are these, armed with slim, iron-pointed pikes, instead of crooks. They leap from log to log, the spikes in their shoes biting into the firm bark, stepping sure-footedly on one stick the instant it is quiet, leaving it for another the moment it begins to toss in the rapid. Marvellous agility, coupled with exact knowledge of the forces that rule this turmoil of water and logs, preserve the drivers in their occupation, full as it is with sudden perils, which require instant action to escape. Even the best of them have to leave the big sticks when they rush down a quick reach of water, where the river tosses its wild mane and leaps like a stricken horse. There are, however, long stretches of quiet water, where the logs push along, closing together and following one another like sheep, and here the drivers can light a pipe for a while before the next rapid is reached.

If this were all to a drive it would be a pure pleasure, quickened with excitement and a little danger, but the arduous part of a drive comes when a jam is formed. In some narrow stretches a log grounds on a hidden rock, or strikes against a snag, and in an instant the furious waters have flung a hundred more upon it, piling them up like jackstraws in some giant game. Behind this bulwark the other logs pile up, and the dam sends the water back with a rush. As the water rises more logs are piled on top and the jam grows with every moment. The logs are piled up, and the water is higher and tighter together, until it seems as hopeless to set the jam free as to lift out the keystone of an arch. All the gangs are hurried to the spot and with their cant hooks, which suddenly seem puny weapons beside the giant sticks which are opposed to them, the men bend at the knees, and in an effort to find the log which is the key to the whole, and without which the jam might be taken to pieces bit by bit before the logs were set moving again. Sometimes the key is soon found, but more frequently it means hours and perhaps days of hard and dangerous work before the jam is broken. Here the axes and saws come into use, and the men who are not good at the persuasion of the hooks are seen in pieces and the bits set free.

Each moment is one of extreme danger, for the jam may break at any minute and then, if there is anyone so unfortunate as to be in the way of the sudden destruction—well, weeks afterward something horrible will come to the surface of the water, and the body will not yield to the persuasion of the hooks are seen in pieces and the bits set free. Each moment is one of extreme danger, for the jam may break at any minute and then, if there is anyone so unfortunate as to be in the way of the sudden destruction—well, weeks afterward something horrible will come to the surface of the water, and the body will not yield to the persuasion of the hooks are seen in pieces and the bits set free.

When the key log is finally moved the jam breaks with a roar and the logs and water sweep down stream in a terrific wave. Frequently the logs, altogether beyond guidance, smash together at the next narrow place in the river and another jam is formed, worse perhaps than the first. If particularly bad luck may befall the drive, half a dozen jams may be formed in as many miles, and the drive may be lengthened out into weeks before the logs are herded together into the big basin at the end of the journey.

Many tales are told of the daring of the lumbermen who guide the logs down, and more are left untold. One of the bravest of acts was performed by a sixteen-year-old boy named Jimmie. His name was Jimmie Carroll, and he had hung around lumbering camps since he was eleven. This was his first year as a driver, but there were few men who could ride the logs down the swift water with him. There was one place along the drive, where the water ledged and the logs were liable to be jammed, and Jimmie was the one to ride the logs down. The place was a comparatively easy one, once the logs were started straight, and it was the custom of the more foolish to ride the logs as near as possible to the head of the drive, and the water caught them, and then to escape over the other logs to a place of safety. Continued danger of this sort makes the drivers careless, and one of them went just too close to the head of the run, without a nearly log to leap upon. Before a pike could reach him the log tilted down and shot over the ledge. The other drivers, seeing this, and the man went down in the first broken water he was hurled from the stick, but with rare luck he managed to get a precarious hold on a jutting rock a little to one side of the current. Above him was a black rush of waters, with a horrible death threatening if any of the logs should happen to sweep a little aside. Down stream he looked into the whirl of water that would overwhelm any swimmer, and he couldn't swim.

Then Jimmie acted. He jumped to the foremost log, caught two under him, and forced them to the head of the incline. Down he shot, riding the sticks as the others did, and the circle rises two horses, the logs clinging together. As he shot out past the rock Jimmie reached out and grasped the man's cant hook. The shock, with the tumble of the broken water at the foot of the run, sent one log away from him like a bolt, but he managed to fall astride of the other, and hurried and beaten by the water, the log carried the two of them down to the still reaches, where they were rescued and brought ashore. Jimmie with a broken leg and the other man unconscious and bleeding.

One of the features of a drive is the trout fishing that follows. Every spring the fish trout follow the logs down the river, feeding on the bait and insects that fall under the rough bark. In the jumping and rubbing of the logs against each other strips of bark are torn off and the morsels drop into the water, making a feast of trout for the trout. A log drive is always followed by record catches of the brook trout, both in the river and the pond where the logs rest—New York Commercial Advertiser.

RESUME REGULAR SERVICE.
Heppner, Ore., June 21.—The Oregon Railway and Navigation company has resumed regular service to Heppner, after having been suspended for several days after an interruption of six days. Eight bodies were received at the morgue today, making a total of 17 recovered. Some were found below Douglas, a distance of about thirty miles. The situation at the morgue is becoming very trying, as the bodies are in a bad state of decomposition, but notwithstanding this fact they are being properly cared for. Money and supplies are being sent in from all over the state and from neighboring states. Up to this time \$23,383 has been received.

CLASSIFIED WANTS

WANTED—In my millinery department, a competent milliner, first-class dressmaker required. Geo. Jones & Co. 24-11

WANTED—A girl to do general housework, at 100 N. Lawrence avenue. 24-11

WANTED—At once, a white girl, at 15 N. Emporia. 24-11

WANTED—Good woman cook, at once. 15 N. Emporia. 24-11

WANTED—A girl for general housework. 15 N. Lawrence. 24-11

WANTED—Middle-aged, experienced girl for general housework; no washing; steady employment and good wages to competent party. Mrs. A. S. Nelson, 211 S. Wichita street, Wichita, Kan. 12-11

WANTED—Experienced woman cook. Top wages to one who can do the work. Call at once, Santa Fe hotel. 24-11

WANTED—White girl for general housework. No washing. Address "T. W." care Eagle. 14-11

WANTED—Housekeeper, middle-aged woman for general housework. Also girl to assist with housework. Or cook, use good man and wife without children. Good position for responsible parties. Address at once, Mrs. E. H. Edwards, 1000 Wanda, Kan. R. R. No. 1. 24-11

WANTED—Girl for housework. 42 N. Emporia. 24-11

WANTED—Girl for lunch room, in Rock Island depot. Call afternoon, between 5 and 6. 24-11

WANTED—Good girl to help do housework. 100 N. Emporia. 24-11

WANTED—At once, a young girl to assist in housework of mornings. 62 N. Lawrence. 24-11

WANTED—Dining-room girl. 125 S. Main. 24-11

SITUATION WANTED—FEMALE.

MALE HELP WANTED.

MALE HELP WANTED—Ten men to carry railway telegraph. Special rates. Positions secured. Day and night sessions. Chicago, Ill. and Telegraph College, Crawford building. 24-11

WANTED—Horse-drawn, at once, on farm. 100 N. Emporia. 24-11

WANTED—At once, a good, sober barber. At McHale's, address Box M. M. Hope, Kan. 24-11

WANTED—For U. S. Army: Able-bodied unmarried men between ages of 21 and 35, citizens of United States, of good character and temperate habits, who can speak, read and write English. For information apply to Recruiting Office, 223 N. Main St., Wichita, Kan. 24-11

WANTED—Man with a U. S. Army reference to take care of yard. J. C. Casey, 100 N. Emporia. 24-11

MALE HELP WANTED—Men to learn carter trade. Inducements for summer positions. Positions guaranteed. Particulars free. Motor College, St. Louis, Mo. 24-11

WANTED—Energetic young men with light rigs to meet me at the Baltimore hotel between 9 and 11, this morning and 2 to 4 p. m. A. E. Meigs. 24-11

WANTED—Couple, at once, on farm; woman for general housework; man as general farm hand; good wages. References required. Address C. W. Wierzbicki, Waukegan, O. T. 24-11

WANTED—An experienced farm hand. A steady job for the right party. Three miles south, on Seneca. F. D. Woodford. 24-11

WANTED—At once, 3 barbers, at Wellington. Write or wire H. Gwynn, Wellington, Kan. 24-11

WANTED—A few good men to sell territory in Kansas and Oklahoma for the exclusive right of "Pendleton" brand of drink. Best thing on the market. Everybody wants it wherever introduced. Address: John H. Pendleton, 150 N. Main. 24-11

WANTED—An experienced cook, in a small hotel; top wages to party who can do the work. Apply this morning, 24-11

WANTED—Man to milk balloon ascension at Norton, Kan. and vicinity, of July. Write at once, Fourth of July Committee, Norton, Kan. 24-11

WANTED—A good man to take charge of first-class restaurant and restaurant with reference. Apply at 24 N. Main street. 24-11

WANTED—Man and wife, on farm, to board hands; everything furnished; no children. Address Clark Kinkaid, 386 City. 24-11

WANTED—First-class blacksmith. Apply to John Hinkle, Benton, Kan. 24-11

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AGENTS WANTED.
AGENTS WANTED—An agent, either sex, to sell shirt waist goods in their home and surrounding towns. Large line, including high-class novelty items, and exclusive designs. Sales on strictly right party. Seeley Custom Shirt Co., Dept. R, St. Louis, Mo. 1-11-11

AGENTS WANTED.
WANTED—Agents for the best laundry in Kansas. Liberal commission. Address: Wichita Steam Laundry. 24-11

WANTED—MISCELLANEOUS.
WANTED—You to get our prices on carpet cleaning and rug work. Have your work done by responsible people. We guarantee satisfaction or no pay. White, Rug and Carpet Cleaning Department, 223 S. Main street, New phone 70. 11-11

WANTED—Gasoline stoves to clean and repair. J. W. Burton, 60 E. Douglas. 12-11

WANTED—Several teams to haul baled hay, at once; good wages. H. Turner, 84 W. Douglas. Both phones 66. 16-11

WANTED—Everybody to know that our high-grade, hand-made harness will outlast any other. Call at once, The Oldfield Harness Co., 60 E. Douglas avenue. 11-11

WANTED—Eight or ten teams to haul baled hay; good wages; also baling out. H. Turner, 84 W. Douglas. Both phones 66. 16-11

WANTED—Every day in the week, peas, beans, cherries, all kinds of berries, new supplies. Will pay the market price for quality. Come and see our market for your crop of fruit, berries, vegetables, etc. I want kaffir lime, and cane seed. Address: Seed House, 113 W. Douglas avenue. 24-11

WANTED—To trade new furniture for second hand and you pay the difference at \$1.00 per week. Phone 65 or 66. 15-11

WANTED—A few pupils in education. Estelle G. Burke, 409 W. Central avenue. Phone 983, red. 24-11

WANTED—To sell territory in Kansas and Oklahoma for exclusive sale of Pendleton brand of drink. Best thing on the market. Everybody wants it wherever introduced. Address: John H. Pendleton, 150 N. Main. 24-11

WANTED—Boards and roomers, at \$1.50. 515 S. Topeka. 24-11

WANTED—A large magic lantern, must be practical and price reasonable. Address: President Thomas, 111, American Socialist College. 24-11

WANTED—To buy second-hand furniture. Good prices. E. D. Squires, 245 S. Main. 14-11

WANTED—To buy second-hand cook stove and heating stoves. J. W. Burton, 60 E. Douglas. 12-11

WANTED—To buy matched carriage team, stylish and good action, 15 hands. Also good saddle, good style and gait. Must be to things. Call at A. Schley, 400 Sedgewick block. 24-11

WANTED—To construct your sidewalks, cisterns, floors, coping, street curbing and gutters. J. J. Hughes, residence 418 N. Main street. 24-11

WANTED—To buy two or three setting hens. Call at 12 S. Hydraulic avenue. 24-11

WANTED—We collect past due and outlawed accounts every day for others. We do not separate debtors. We collect. Western Collecting Association, 116 E. Douglas. 24-11

WANTED—You to see the "Honest Wearing Shoes" we sell. Prices lowest in the city. Address: J. W. Burton, 60 E. Douglas avenue. 24-11

WANTED—To trade any kind of sewing machine you want for a job of curbing. 29 N. Main. 24-11

WANTED—To buy second-hand furniture, all kinds. J. W. Burton, 60 E. Douglas. 12-11

WANTED—Roomers and boarders. 80 E. William. Cool, outside rooms. 24-11

WANTED—20 head of cattle to pasture. Good running water in pasture. Prices reasonable. Pasture located in good country. Oklahoma. Address: S. Webb, Wichita, Kan. 10-11

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.
FOR SALE—One second-hand Nichols & Sons' motor car, 1902 model, 6-cylinder, 10-horsepower, with stacker new last year. Price, for a few days, \$150.00. Write, 113 N. Water street, Wichita, Kan. 24-11

FOR SALE—Horse-drawn, at once, on farm. 100 N. Emporia. 24-11

FOR SALE—At once, a good, sober barber. At McHale's, address Box M. M. Hope, Kan. 24-11

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FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS.
FOR SALE—Pure cider vinegar, 121 S. Wichita. 12-11

FOR SALE—Ladies' wheel, good as new, for less than half price. 120 N. Market. 24-11

FOR SALE OR TRADE—A good piano, inquire at 223 Sedgewick block. 24-11

ROOMS FOR RENT—Furnished.
FOR RENT—Nice, cool room, modern; price reasonable. 409 S. Main. 24-11

FOR RENT—Suite of furnished, front rooms; also first-class board. 121 N. Topeka. 24-11

FOR RENT—Large front room, on first floor, furnished to accommodate two or four gentlemen; excellent ventilation and bath; \$6.00 per month. 135 S. Market. 12-11

FOR RENT—Furnished rooms; two large, airy, south rooms for sleeping or light housekeeping. 24 N. Main street. 24-11